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**SONG:—I THINK OF THEE.**

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I think of thee when ev'n's last blush
Fills mournfully on heart and eyes:
Of thee when morn's first glories gush
Like glad hope through the skies.
My thoughts are thine 'mid toil and strife,
Unto whom from toil and peril free—
Ah, thine—forever thine—my life
Is but a living thought of thee.

I think of thee 'mid sunlight sweet flowers,
And 'mid the summery leafy glow;
Of thee in autumn's purple hours,
And gloomy winter's wrath of snow;
My thoughts are thine when joy is high,
And thine when all life's sources flow—
Ay, thine—forever thine—my heart
Is but a throbbing thought of thee.

**MAGGIE BURNS,**

**THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.**

**A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.**

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

The time—December, 1776. The scene—The banks of the Delaware!

A deep gloom was round about the Patriot cause. Was it the premonition of lasting night; or was the morning at hand? Washington, with all his strength sorely tried, had from New York, making his way, from place to place, through New Jersey, followed closely by Lord Cornwallis—so closely that oftentimes the tap of the enemy's drum, in the evening and in the morning, could be plainly heard by the American sentinels. From various causes—from sickness—from disaffection—and from the expiration of the terms of enlistment, the Patriot army was dwindling away; but Washington and his brave hearted companions entertained no thought of failure. While life lasted, and their souls held strength for prayer, they trusted in God and the Right, and stood bravely, hopefully on.

Congress was sitting in Philadelphia, and Congress, with an army of its own to protect it, and well-drilled troops, was aiming for the point. The false promises of Philadelphia, and rout the Continental Congress, was his cherished plan; and no confidence was he of speedily accomplishing his purpose, and thus aiding the Revolution, but he had already made arrangements for returning to England on the first of the following month. Upon looking back over that period it does appear, to the rational and thinking mind, that a Power mightier than man was guarding that Patriot band. At any time, during the three weeks that Washington was fleeing across the territory of New Jersey, the British commander might have pushed upon him and easily might overcome his feeble force. But it was not to be. From town to town the Patriots marched on their way, the pursuers pitching their tents where the camp-fires of the rearward were yet smoking. On the night of December Washington arrived at Trenton, and immediately set about crossing the Delaware. All the boats in the neighborhood were brought into requisition, and at midnight the last Patriot soldier had crossed over into Pennsylvania. And while yet the oars of that boat were dipping into the water, a division of Lord Cornwallis's army, with all the pomp of heroic accomplishment, marched into Trenton!

It had been the plan of Cornwallis to cross the river at once; but not a boat of any description had been left within his reach; so he was forced either to remain on the east side, or wait until the Delaware should be frozen over, or at least sufficiently cross upon the ice. The latter course was the one adopted, as he had reason to believe that hardships of no small kind were soon formed.

In the meantime, how was it with Washington? When he was finally encamped upon the western shore of the Delaware he had but seventeen hundred men left in his ranks, and not all of those were fit for service. It is safe to assert that he had not more than a thousand men upon whom he could rely. Philadelphia was not far off, and only those few were and were Patriots, with a true gratitude brooding over the heart of the Federal capital and the British army. But did the Sons of America fail? No. George Washington was never more firm and hopeful than in that hour of gloom and trial. The element of Liberty was incarnated in his person; and, with fortitude and with prayer, he looked down upon his future, relying upon the eternal principles of Justice and of Right.

Back from the Delaware River, some five miles, on the Pennsylvania side, stood the mansion of Waldeale. The estate was one of the most valuable in the country; and the dwelling, with its numerous outbuildings, climated upon the southwestern slope of a gentle eminence, and surrounded by grand old trees, was the most picturesque in that section. The lands had been cleared, and somewhat improved, by the inhabitants of a former age, but the present owner, named John Glengyle, had given the estate its comely appearance by erecting new buildings, and otherwise adorning the grounds; and he, after the fashion of his native land, had bestowed upon the place the name which it bore.

Within one of the large parlors of Waldeale Hall stood the host himself. He was a stern, burly man, past the middle age; with a thick, broad head, the coarse, crinkled hair of which was freely touched with gray; features heavy and sensual, showing by their high color that the wine-cup was no stranger to his lips. He was dressed in a suit of purple velvet, with silk buckles of silver upon his knees and upon his shoes, while upon his wrists and bosom were frills and ruffles of finest linen. He was above over, but, if we may judge from the appearance of the apartment, he had not been alone a great while. A table was spread, upon which were decanters and glasses; and on the white cloth were many marks of wine that had been spilled. And, furthermore, there were crumbs of bread, and bay scraps of meat upon that cloth, which the servants had failed to remove on the wine that brought. It manifested that the host had not fast, or it might have been an early dinner. At all events, it was now near the middle of the afternoon, and the guests had left the board.

As John Glengyle paced up and down the room he seemed considerably excited. He rubbed his hands together, and muttered to himself; and, if there is any indication to the position of the hand during mental excitement, we might safely conclude that his head had a leaning towards the combative propensity. As he walked thus, one of the doors was opened, and a young man entered.

This new-comer was Roderic Glengyle, and the host was his uncle. Still, for many years, Roderic had regarded John Glengyle as his father. He had never known any other father, having been reared by his uncle from the earliest days of his recollection. However, he was not sorry when he became assured that he was not a child of the man who had reared him; and why he was not sorry the reader will be very long able to judge for himself. Roderic Glengyle was two-and-twenty years of age; of medium height, strong and muscular in frame; his limbs knit together after the fashion of those sturdy Highlanders of Inverness, from whom he drew his blood. Every inch noble he stood, with fair face and flashing eye; his curling locks, of auburn hue, clustering thickly about a full, open brow; the whole figure, in contour and bearing, giving token of a heart that knew no guile, and a spirit that bore no mean blood. And there was much like his uncle's in quality. In place of velvet he wore roughened deerskin, and in place of silver buckles he wore thongs of leather. And upon his limbs, too, were stains of blood.

"How now, Roderic?" demanded Sir John,—for he claimed that he had been knighted in the old country, and he clung to the baronet's title. "Have you returned so soon? I knew I had company here to dinner, and I had intended that you should be one of the number. I missed you. There were some here to whom I wished to introduce you."

"I am grateful to you all the same," returned the youth, with a slight inclination of the head. "Some of the servants told me that you had been looking for me, so I came directly hither, without even stopping to wash the powder from my hands."

"Powder! Upon my soul, you seem to have a strange passion for burning powder."

"But not without some result, uncle. The result of to-day is two deer, two foxes, and a wolf. Pretty good I call that, considering the weather, and the uncomfortable state of the ground."

"Perhaps so," said Sir John. And then, with a significant rubbing of his hands, he added:—"But there may be better use for powder, ere long, than even that."

"So I have allowed myself to think," responded Roderic. He spoke very quietly, and his face gave no indication of his meaning.

"Ah!" said the host, pressed the smile, "I was sorry that you were not here to dinner, for we had a famous time of it, I assure you."

"But," interrupted the youth, "you have not told me who were present."

"They were officers, Roderic—four of them—good and true. They have stout companies enlisted, and stand ready to join Cornwallis as soon as he crosses the Delaware. Captain Griswold was one of them."

"Louis Griswold?" said the young man, with a start.

"Yes,—and a most faithful servant of our royal master he is. He has a large company of true men ready to fight for their king as soon as an opportunity offers itself. But—why do you start, and work your hands so? What is there in this to move you?"

"I thought Louis Griswold was in Jersey, with Cornwallis," said Roderic, half to himself,


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THE PATRIOTIC NEPHEW AND THE TORY UNCLE.

No. "replied Sir John. "He left the British army at Trenton, and came to Jersey to raise a company of Royalists; and he has succeeded very well. The gentleman of Lost Grove has got a grand effect in detaching so many people from the Rebel cause. Griswold has been paid to Major Burns. Is it not so?"

The youth bit his lip, but made no reply.

"Upon my life, Roderic, I hope that you do not allow your thoughts to run after that poor girl. She is not worth your attention; and, furthermore, it is not policy for you to flirt with one in her position. If Griswold wishes to engage her, let him. He has no family cause to tarnish."

The hot blood mounted to Roderic's temples, but yet he did not speak. He was too much moved for speech at that moment, and he turned away to a window.

"This Maggie Burns," pursued Sir John, who has not entered all the emotions that had showed themselves upon his nephew's face, "is a Rebel of the darkest dye; and she comes naturally enough by it. Her ancestors were of the old Cromwellian Puritanism, and it runs in her blood to hate Royalty. If her father had remained in Scotland, he would have been hung. Don't think of her, my boy. Let Griswold have her."

"Does Louis Griswold think of visiting her?" Roderic asked the question almost in a whisper, and his tones betrayed strong pain.

"Very likely he does. And so, as I said before, let him have her; and do you strike for higher game. And now, my boy, here's a health to the King, and success to his enemies, and may we both serve him well. Come, drink."

The host had filled two goblets, and one of them he handed to his nephew. The youth took it up, and gazed upon the ruby wine. His muscles grew hard and knotted, and a scowl quivered; and yet his lip was pale, and tightly compressed.

"Come—drink."

Roderic Glengyle raised the goblet above his head, and then dashed it upon the floor, shattering the thin glass into a thousand fragments, and bespattering the whole carpet with the dark wine.

"So MUCH FOR GEORGE THE THIRD!" he cried, with an energy that rang from his very soul.

Sir John stood aghast. He was astounded; and, for the moment, his passion rendered him speechless.

"Roderic Glengyle," he finally gasped, trembling at every joint, "are you crazy?"

"No, sir," replied the youth, calmly and solemnly. "I am not crazy. I speak the honest sentiments of my soul. While you are here with your guests on hand, I have respected your feelings and authority enough to keep my peace; but I can be so no longer. The time has come when every man must be either for his country, or against it; and, sir, I am for America or Louis XV.! From this hour I am a Patriot. If I live, I live to see my country free from the foreign yoke. If I die, I die fighting for the Right, and my body sinks to the earth a Patriot!"

There was something so grand and sublime in the manner of the youth, and such a spirit of noble sentiment was there in his speech, that had a thrill of fear not been mingled with it, But John Glengyle was not the man to cherish generous impulses, and his fear increased as he fully resumed their sway. Still he was not without a grain of prudence. He knew something of the young man's nature, and he controlled himself sufficiently to reason a bit.

"Boy," he said, his bitterness of feeling manifesting itself very palpably, "as sure as the world, you are crazy. If you were not crazy, you would not do so wild a thing as this. Just look for a moment, at the position you are assuming. What is the state of this cause you would adopt? Where are its hopes of success? Just look at it. Why—the whole rebellion must be crushed before the month is out; and all who are found in arms against the king must suffer. Here is the Rebel chieftain, George Washington, encamped only a few miles from us; and his whole effective force amounts to not more than a thousand men. Upon the opposite side of the river is a British army six thousand strong, waiting only to cross the stream. They will effect a junction with Cornwallis, and then the Rebellion will be long, and this serpent of Patriotism, as you are pleased to term it, be crushed forever. If you have half an eye, you can see it as plainly as I can. And, more still, boy—there is something more than the British army over the Delaware. There are bands of Royalists forming all over this section of Pennsylvania. George Washington has an enemy in his rear that he doesn't dream of. These Royalists are keeping quiet for the present—they are forced to do so, with this Rebel army so near,—but their very quietness will enable them to strike the most surely when they do strike."

"My uncle," spoke the youth, with deep significance, "I thank you for your information. It may be of service to me."

"Ha!" cried the Tory, quickly realizing his error, "would you turn traitor?"

"You have used my determination. My heart has been in the Patriot cause from the first; and now my hand shall be put to the work."

"By St. George!" exclaimed the uncle, bringing his fist down with such vehemence upon the table that he overturned the full goblet which he had left untasted, "if you persist in this I'll turn you from my doors as a vile dog!"

"You will not be under that necessity, sir," replied Roderic, standing proudly erect before his uncle. "I shall leave your roof of my own accord."

"No—by my soul, you shall not!" vociferated Sir John, in blind passion. "You shall not go upon no such an errand!"

"Then, my uncle, I am going this very day."

"No,—by the hosts of heaven, you shall not! If I cannot persuade you, I'll force you!"

"I fear you'll find that rather a difficult job, sir," said Roderic, with a working of the muscles about the corners of the mouth which almost gave the appearance of a smile. "I am not used to being forced."

The host saw that a lesson in the use of mood; and as for his difficulty, there may not be so much of it as you imagine. As matters now stood between us, it becomes my duty to secure you from escaping. You must not go out with the intelligence which I have so unwittingly conveyed." And thus speaking, Sir John moved towards the door, as though he would place himself directly in the way.

"John Glengyle," said the youth, sternly, and with startling power, "don't oppose me! I enjoy you, don't oppose me!"

"I shall."

"John Glengyle, don't oppose me! Let not my hand be raised against my uncle!"

"Boy, what mean you?"

"Fool! Idiot!—there are a score of loyal troops quartered beneath this roof at this very moment. If you attempt to leave, I'll have you seized, and you shall be kept a prisoner, therefore to your passage. Go to your room, and remain there. But—if you start to leave the house, you are a prisoner, and as such the proper authorities shall deal with you."

Without another word Roderic left the apartment. He walked out proudly, and with a firm step; and when he had gained his own chamber he at once set about making preparations for his departure.

John Glengyle, as soon as he had been left alone, started across the room like one possessed. He was mad and frantic, and for some minutes he chafed like a baffled beast. Finally, however, he became calm enough to reason with himself; and, anticipating that his nephew might attempt to go away, he went to make arrangements for having his threat put into execution. He had a party of Tory troopers in the house, as he had said; and he knew that his rebellious nephew should be their prisoner. And, in so base his way, he had involved himself in his mind which he would not have cared to give to the world.

CHAPTER II.

RODERIC'S FIRST BATTLE.

In order that we may understand the nature of the difficulties that lay in the way of the young patriot, we will follow the host of Waldeale for a few moments.

In one of the rear apartments of the mansion, softly removed from the gaze of the visitor who might be lounging around the place, were a score of ferry-soldiers, under charge of a lieutenant. These men had been enlisted by Capt. Louis Griswold, and it was intended that they should stand ready to operate against the patriots on opportunity might offer. Up the river, beyond Coryel's Ferry, spies had managed to pass and repass, so that the British commander was advised of all these movements, and was thus enabled to return his commands.

Into this apartment John Glengyle came, and having drawn the lieutenant a little upon one side, he addressed him as follows:

"Sir Lieutenant, you heard me speak of my nephew. You know him?"

"Yes, sir. I have seen him."

"Well, he is a rebel of the deepest dye. He knows that there are loyal troops in the house, and he will have some thing of our intentions. I fear it is his plan to leave Waldeale at once, and if he does so, he will go to the Delaware, make known our position and plans to the enemies of our king."

"Ah," said the lieutenant, with a grating of his teeth, and a clenching of his hands, "I have imagined for some time that master Roderic was a rebel at heart. Have you any plan, sir, what will you do? He must not be suffered to carry out such a traitorous purpose as you have insinuated."

"Indeed, he shall not," responded the host; "and to prevent it, I have called upon you. If he goes he will go alone, and he will be most likely to take the road to the south. However, he may take the other road towards Newtown, Bristol or Trenton, and then the Rebel army cannot guard both passes. Take ten of your most reliable men, and divide them into two parties. Let five take the southern road, and five more take the Newtown road, and, if the young man attempts to pass, be sure and capture him."

The officer shook his head, as though troubled with a doubt.

"What?" cried Sir John, "do you think the task a difficult one?"

"No, my honored, you misunderstand me. I know something of Master Roderic's temper, and I know that he may make us the Nicer end. If he should happen to be well armed, it might be impossible to capture him without doing him some injury. For my own self-control I might possibly answer, but if my men should be pushed to the extreme, I might not answer for them. Suppose that your nephew should fall?"

John Glengyle took a turn to the window, and then he came back again.

"Sir Lieutenant," he said, "under ordinary circumstances I might hesitate before giving such an order, but under the present state of affairs I cannot. Remember that the worst deeds his energies henceforth to the good of his country. He is now the man who escaped from the atmosphere of the dwelling of his tory uncle, and who, having washed the powder from his hands, and then donned another garb. It was not long before the two parties were formed, and were duly trimmed, then had been enlisted by Capt. Griswold. At the select of a few trinkets, took what money he had, and then started his stationing to the west. The lands were first looked to, and when he had wiped the powder from his hands, he turned to his rifle. This was a valuable and trusty weapon, and he handled it as one who was thoroughly used to its use. It was cleaned and loaded, and then the young patriot took a bountiful supply of shot and balls, to which was suspended a short, heavy sword, and within which he stuck the pistols. He had chosen to take these two articles because rifled pistol, which he carried in his breast pocket.

Roderic Glengyle had not thus armed himself any too soon. He had scarcely completed his task, and the weapons were his, and he might need them at his head, he thought he saw the uncle just slipping away by the drawing-room door. He did not stop, however, but kept on his way,and when he reached the piazza, he turned only long enough to bid farewell to an old negro who was coming up from the stable.

The air was keen and frosty, and here and there, upon the crisp ground, were patches of snow, where the wind had laid the light flakes

so thickly that the sun had not melted them. The shadows of the aimless trees were already lengthening out and merging into a general shade, showing that the day was at its close, for that was the season of the year when the nights were speedily long. With a heart made light and hopeful by the indwelling of honest purpose, the youth sprang from the plains, and hurried away through the park, and struck into the road that led to the south. He stopped when he had gained the highway, and turned one look back upon the home where his years of remembrance had been spread.

"Ah, there is no pain in the separation," he murmured, "I would not remain if I could, and yet I do not believe that he loves me. He has not the heart for loving his kind. Farewell, old Hall! You have some pleasant memories chastening around your walls, but the life I have led beneath your roof is not the life I would give to history. The life to be honored is in the future."

With these words he turned his face again to the south, and, swinging his rifle over his shoulder, hastened on. At the distance of half a mile he came to a point where the road entered a wood, and instinctively he drew out the two weapons were ready for use, not because he feared any danger, but more from a habit he was long always prepared. The sun had set, and the night was creeping on apace, it being already quite dark in the wood, and as Roderic looked on, humming a patriotic air, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a form on the path before him. They had come out from among the trees, and stood directly in his way. He stopped, and took his rifle from his shoulder, for he not only saw that the men were armed, but he recognized one of them as being a very licentious whom he had seen at Wakefield. His truth flashed upon him in a moment. Those were men whom his uncle had driven out of his lands and scent him. They were tories, who had enlisted to serve the British.

"Hold!" cried the leader of the very gang. And then observing a step from his companions, he added—

"Roderic Glengyle, you are my prisoner!"

"A prisoner!" repeated the youth, with scornful emphasis. "Who are you that dares address me thus?"

"I am one who has authority," returned the lieutenant. "You must go back to Wakefield with me."

"Me!"

"Aye—such are my orders, and I hope that you will drive upon me the necessity of using force."

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed Roderic, "you speak most wonderfully. I just came from Wakefield, and have no desire to return so soon. So you will stand out of my way and let me pass."

"Hold, sir!" the officer shouted. "Listen before you give matters to the extremity. You must go back with us, for such are my orders, and those orders I shall most certainly execute."

"Who gave those orders?"

"Your uncle."

"And what was his reason?"

"You must ask him when you see him."

"Yes I not because I had resolved to serve the patriot cause?"

"It matters not."

"Aye—but it does matter, as you shall see if you answer me truly. I have a reason for asking this. Now tell me: Did not my uncle order my arrest because I was a traitor?"

"Because you are a Rebel," replied the officer.

"We won't stand upon terms," replied Roderic. "But answer me one thing more: Is it not especially do you come?"

"I came," answered the lieutenant, a little hastily, "as an officer of the king, to arrest an avowed enemy."

"Ha—now we understand each other; and, while I thank you for the information you have conveyed, I have to inform you that you will not turn without me."

"Not quite so fast, young man. You cannot fully understand me yet. Go back with me you must. My orders are imperative. Will you resolve, or—"

"DEAD, I IF!" cried our hero, grasping his rifle with soul-and energy.

"Yes!"

Roderic felt every nerve in his body strung up to its utmost. Here was the first ord-al of his Patriot life. How should he meet it—how pass it? If he returned to Wakefield, what might be his fate there? Should he return or should he not? The officer had said "DEAD OR ALIVE!" Of course such had been the command of his uncle. Those thoughts flashed through his mind like lightning; and, all thoughtless of the danger, he determined to fight his way through the barrier. His soul was bound to such a pitch of obligation, that he cared not how many men opposed him, because his life was not the subject of his most anxious thought. There was to this hour, with him, a responsibility more than life at stake; and this summons by beyond those Tory hirelings, and he must prove them.

"One word," he said, in a voice very low, but yet most powerful in quality of tone, "I must pass on my way if I live. I am ordered back to Wakefield, you carry but my dead body! You have my decision. Mind you—this encounter is none of my seeking, and for its results I am not responsible. If you should in my path, it is you who commence the conflict. Aye—and more; you have said—mean as you may, that I must be to, then upon the head of the dastard be the blood of the dead. Now let me pass!"

"You cannot."

"Let me pass!"

"You are our prisoner." And as the lieutenant thus spoke, he waved his hand to his men, and moved forward.

There was just one more thought in Roderic's mind. He might turn into the wood, and take to flight; but the order had been "dead or alive;" and he might be fired upon and shot in the back. Should he be shot in the back by a Tory? As this question flashed through his mind the spark was conveyed to the magazine of his soul, and the deep well of combustion was on fire.

"Hold!" he cried, in a husky tone, which sounded upon the frosty air like the deep-drawn breath of the wounded lion. "Another step, advance another step, and you die!"

With a derisive oath the lieutenant moved on, with his companions at his back. Quick as thought, and with a glancing sight that never failed, the Patriot youth raised his rifle to his shoulder. The report rang out sharp and clear upon the winter air, and the Tory leader fell forward upon the frozen ground, with a brace of bullets through his breast!

Without the hesitation of an instant Roderic cast down his empty piece, and drew his two heavy pistols, cocking them both as he brought them up.

"Hold!" broke again from his lips, this time in a voice of thunder. "Move but a step, and the nearest man falls! My aim never fails me!"

The four men stopped instinctively. It was not so much from fear as it was from the wonderous power of the youth's tone and bearing. It was one of those electric batteries of human confidence which are, at times, irresistible; and those near, born and educated in the sphere of servitude, quailed before it. They had not been prepared for the fall of their leader; and they were not prepared to encounter the fire that now opposed them. The Patriot here was close upon them; they were armed and ready for the meeting; and, knowing something of his skill as a marksman, they felt sure that the first one of their number, who offered further hostile demonstration, would die.

"Lay down your arms, and let me pass!" said Roderic. "Do this, and we separate without further violence. But mark me, I am for some of your lives shall go in exchange for mine!"

It was growing dark, and it was growing cold; and the Tories, as they gazed at the fire, concluded to let the youth pass. They were not at all anxious they had come here to battle. They had but just enlisted to serve the king, and had always presently their three easily in arms.

"It matters not to us," one of them at length said. "You may go if you will."

"Then down with your arms. Let me see you shun, and we part in peace."

Instantly the weapons were thrown upon the ground, and then Roderic Glengyle picked up his rifle and moved on his way. He kept his two pistols in hand till he had got well beyond the Tory reach, and then he unloaded his piece, and was soon out of their sight.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE FIRST BLOOD.

"MASON BURNS, what in the world are you doing?"

Maggie sat by the window, at work by the last rays of daylight, and as she thus addressed the girl, was Maggie Burns. Not handsome as the world of fashion would have it, but pretty as Venus. But, had the artist, with a soul alive to the truth of nature, sought a model for the development of the highest order of the human breast spirit, combined with the most modest and unassuming of unalloyed simplicity, he would have sought no further. Maggie was nineteen years old, and she looked like the loveliest figure, with a robust, muscular frame. And yet, even although her form was perfection, there appeared on it the first glance, there was nevertheless something about it that would not allow of its being spoken of as anything but a woman's. Maggie was a woman, with a form like unto a goddess, and a face like unto an angel.

Mason Burns, who was sitting on the floor, in the fast cause in from some out-door work—bale of straw, perhaps—with a few pieces of corn in his cap; with a face indicative of all womanly truth and love. She was a widow; her husband had been one of the first to enlist in the service of his country, and he had been killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. Maggie was left with a little cot, and a little child, with its cuteablings, and its cunning, and its love of fun, and its love of mischief, and its love of mischief, and its love of mischief

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### OUT OF THE WAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Ah, how happy we might have been—
Amby and I, in the golden weather,
Cosily tossing peas out, and a chin
Just as brown as a cricket's breast.

All the girls in the village know
My love, and are lightly whispering,
"After all, he was all reckless,
And his heart is brighter—poor silly thing!"

Of if I dared to speak the truth
And say, in spite of each blind brave,
—With all the strength of his manly youth,
Amby loved me, and loves me now!

But I may not even speak through prayer—
Custom—the sanctions of all the past,
Shut me in the exhaustof air
That about Lilla, though it kills at last.

The bird has her season to build and sing—
The rose her time to be rested and red—
But I, in the flush and flower of my spring—
I, the living, must be as the dead.

And am I less than the birds and flowers
That have no finishing need within?
To hold in reverence all the powers
That God has given me—this is my sin.

And am I living the life he meant?
Where matters are settling and settled—go—
No little hand within mine—content
To sit in a corner out of the way.

### STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You coward!" ejaculated Mr. Raymond, in a tone of impatience that could not be suppressed, and catching up his fragile little wife, he bore her in his strong arms across the breakers, and held her firmly while the foaming surf dashed over them. She was white and shivering when he brought her back to the shore.

"There's no danger. What a coward you are!" said Mr. Raymond, half in anger, as his wife stood by her merry foot just buried in the edge of a fast receding wave. "Come back into the tepids. See! There are over a hundred ladies in the water now."

But the pale, slender little woman held back. She trembled in every fibre, answering—

"No, Henry; I do not care to go in again. I'm all in a tremor. The water is too cold for me."

Her teeth chattered as she spoke.

"Cold! Pooh! The water is as warm as milk. You're afraid! That's the trouble. I wouldn't be such a coward for a kingdom. Come back!"

Another dash among the waves will tone up your nerves and put courage into your heart."

And saying this, Mr. Raymond, a strong, stout, well-developed man, with muscles strong enough to face almost any danger, partly dragged and partly led his weak and frightened wife back again among the seething waters, where, at his imperious command, she permitted a wave to break entirely over her. She did not expect, and so was not prepared for it. The cold, wet flood entered her mouth and nostrils, strangling and terrifying her to such a degree that when her husband carried her to the shore, she was unable, from exhaustion, to stand upon her feet.

"Weak, timid and water, and half or more than half, restored Mr. Raymond's nervous system to its normal condition, but it was powerless to induce her to begin again. Mr. Raymond could not, taunted and ridiculed her for this cowardice, but all efforts to overcome her timidity were in vain. Had he permitted her to make her way gradually into the surf, to try for a little while in the smooth water inside of the breakers, she might have gained courage, and at last found herself standing and moving in the tossing and foaming waves. But he was too impatient a man for this.

From the sea shore Mr. Raymond took his wife to Niagara, where he lent gentleness with her again. He wanted her to pass with him under the great sheet of water, but the very idea made her shiver.

"There's no more danger for you than for me," urged the husband. "Ladies go under the Falls every day. Come, you will not be such a woman. It will be mortifying to talk about."

"No inducement would tempt me, Henry," answered Mrs. Raymond.

"Well, I always did hate a coward!" broke from the lips of Mr. Raymond, as he turned a brief anger from his wife, and strode the room with the strong and strength of a lion-hearted man. He did not see the sudden going out of a light from his wife's countenance, nor the pale red fire that swept over it.

Always did hate a coward!" And had he not, over and over again, called her a coward? Those were the words that fell every time from her impulsive husband's lips, and the hurt went very deep.

"And so you will not go under the falls with me?" he said, in a cold, offended way, turning from a window where he had stationed himself after his fierry shout to her.

"Yes, I will go," Mrs. Raymond did not smile nor speak cheerfully, nor even look into her husband's face. But her voice was calm, rather low, and even the struggling fears in her heart; fears that caused every nerve to quiver, for a losing her husband's love!

"I regard all hate a coward!" Already had passed from his thoughts the memory of those ungenerous words. But could she forget? Never! "If he hates a coward, I must exhibit no more fears." Such is my inference as she made her resolve taken. But still it was the fixed law of her life for the time to control. What were bodily harms, or death, even, to loss of her husband's love? Nothing—nothing. And she snatched from her best heart.' Had her sensitive organization been under fear of external danger was almost an idiosyncrasy, changed in a moment? O, no! She was the same as to this: but a stronger fear had a weaker fear to subjection.

And so, in an hour from that time, Mrs. Raymond passed under the avalanche of water the same bending down into the dark cave before. Scarcely with a lighter mood courage, or a more shrinking consciousness of life-peril, did martyr of old advance to the stake or scaffold. Pale lips, and colorless face, and trembling hands that grasped the stout arm of her husband, were all in evidence of what she suffered—but those were scarcely noted by Mr. Raymond, who felt exhilarated by the scene, and exhilarated in having overcome the vain terrors of his nervous wife.

"You see there is no danger," he said, lifting his hand for great sweeping wall of water to shut out them from the world. But his voice was drowned in the thunder of the cataract. Soon she began to draw upon his arm. The terror did not lessen by familiarity; she was trusting to return. But Mr. Raymond, with something of the feeling that men have who force a sorry horse to the very side of a locomotive, and hold him there to cure him of fear, kept his wife under the fall until she came near fainting. How near, he never knew. Mr. Raymond praised and complimented her for her bravery, without having the most distant perception of what she had endured. His praise was grateful, and she was glad that she had gone with him, though, wherever thought went relatingly to the scene under that terrible sheet of down rushing water, which took his breath in its fall, a shudder crept through her heart.

Next Mr. Raymond proposed a trip in the Maid of the Mist." Twice since their visit to the Falls had Mr. Raymond watched this fragile little steamer, as she went bravely—recklessly, it seemed to her—down to the edge of the leaping torrent, which seemed to grasp after the tiny vessel, eager for its destruction. No money would have tempted her, no power forced her into that peril. But now, urging the fear she gave to danger, she said, "yes," and prepared to go. But in the quick perception of danger was simply impossible. Firmly grasping her husband's arm, and wholly unnerved, she trembled her terror. Mr. Raymond stood, with pale, closed lips, and eyes widely dilated, as the boat steamed up into the very mouth of death. That was the enjoyment, hers the suffering. Death might come to her in almost any of his usual forms, and she might be aware of his approach, yet remain passive, for the commanding will and agitations that rent her on this occasion.

"What a brave little woman you have become!" said the pleased husband, as the boat reached ground with the trembling passenger. The genius was grateful, but no adequate compensation for the pain had been forced her on them.

"And now for Montreal and the Rapids."

"I would prefer going home, and spending a week at Saratoga," answered the wife, her heart shrinking at thought of going through the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, the perils of which were grossly exaggerated in her imagination. She had read them, and heard of them from summer tourists, and the dangers of the passage were vividly impressed upon her mind.

Mr. Raymond understood his wife, in this objection, as well as in former ones, and knew that that only made him the more fixed in his purpose to go by way of the St. Lawrence. The compass she finally foolish weakness that was interfering so much with his comfort and pleasure. "

# THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor

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## MAGGIE BURNS,

## THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE

In this number of the LEDGER we commence the publication of a story by STEPHEN CHAS. ORR, under the above title. The scene upon just after Washington, returning from Trenton, had crossed the Delaware, into Pennsylvania. This was one of the most hopeless periods of the Revolution.

> "The night and gloomy was the hour,
> And Freedom's fate appeared full low,
> For thirty days had Washington
> Been forced to flee before the foe."

But like a lion at bay the great chief at last turned upon his pursuers, and at Princeton and Trenton dealt such a blow which sent a thrill of joy and exultation throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is at this stirring period, when Tories hated and plotted, and patriots were enlightened, that MAGGIE BURNS, *The Heroine of the Delaware*, was called upon the stage. Mr. COLB here finds a fitting field for the display of his peculiar powers, and we most sincerely does he improve his opportunities. The narrative sets the blood of the reader to tingling like the sound of a trumpet, and he becomes fully possessed of his heart of oats, and hopes it to the end.

### IMPOSTURE.

A veritable history of all the impostures which have been swallowed whole and digested by the human race from the period when our common mother was hamstrapped by the Father of Lies, to the present day, would be the most interesting reading as well as the most voluminous work ever published. Some persons may suppose that such a work would be entirely worthless as a means of repressing human gullibility. In our opinion it would be of no use at all. People would read it with ineffable gusto, laugh at the credulity of the world that was, plume themselves on the superior sagacity of the world that is, and then walk complacently into some modern guilt-trap, to be egregiously befooled as their progenitors were, a hundred or a thousand years ago. In the immortal words of Dr. Watts, "It is their nature to." The never-ceasing tides of Progress travel back, like the long in one range or another countries to live the pace, and men and women are duped in the broad intellectual daylight of the Nineteenth Century with as much facility as they were in the "dark ages."

Less than half a century ago several thousands of people in England, and a few hundreds in the country, implicitly believed that an independent and ligeroust old woman named Johanna Southcote was about to become the mother of a new Messiah. Her disciples purchased a splendid cradle for the expected infant, and hundreds of pounds of rich plum cake were sent to her residence in London for the use of the same youthful Shiloh. The most enlightened were listened to with profound veneration by men of intelligence and learning, and bales of high social standing ministered to her wants with the humility of servants.

The delusion lasted twelve years, and even after the miserable creature's death some of her deluded followers believed that the world rise from "its dead with the Shiloh in her arms." The Johanna Southcote imposture had not been many years a dead letter, when Joe Smith was favored with the presence of a prophet, in the person of one Mormon, a dirty, smoky, whiskey knave, who, after roundly fleecing some of his weakly proselytes, and creating no little scandal in circles to which it is wonderful he should ever have been admitted, left a city in the town two days, to escape a tar-and-feathering. Many of our citizens, no doubt, recollect the greasy wretch, whose appearance was about as fascinating as that of a Chinese idol in full glory. If we recollect aright, took place in 1838, and, less fortunate than Mahomet, he never reappeared.

Next in the order of impostors came Joe Smith, with his supernaturally-found "golden plates" and natural sense, and his "Urim and Thummim" cosmos goggles, through which he pretended to read the "unknown characters" on his plaisters "tables." In him, and in his more sagacious but utterly unprincipled successor, Brigham Young, modern imposture reaches its culminating point, and certainly the credulity of their dupes will compare with any example of that commodity with which history has supplied us. Young has succeeded in building a commonwealth of Lucinus which so far has defied the law, and considering the opportunities and the age in which he flourishes, his career has been scarcely less remarkable than that of the Camel-driver of Mecca.

Seeing that Mormonism is now a fixed fact in politics and theology, we cannot sufficiently admire that modern era has really lost by the most than its Egyptian and Assyrian by their priests and soothsayers three thousand years ago. The pillars of humbug change, but the human love of this for that luxury in some form seems to be imperishable. We may sneer at the Tom-Noddies of the fourteenth century who believed the stories of St. John Mandeville about the congenial men of Ethiopia, and the women of Macrocosma with heads like lizards, but will not a future generation have an equal right to sneer at the believers in Spiritualism, Mesmerism, Mormonism, Socialism, and a good many other solecisms of the present day? Nothing short of the millennium can absolutely put a stop to the triumphs of humbug.

### QUIET ROBBERY.

To pick a man's pocket is theft, and the law, when it gets the perpetrator in its grip, sends him to prison. Nothing can be more proper. "Forces his right," says society: "we do not live a land of law and order, after all."

Manufacturing society is robbed every day by thousands of individuals in the most atrocious manner, and has no redress.

Society gets short weight, short measure, short count. Half the articles it eats, and all the fluids it drinks, with the exception of water, are deteriorated. In fact, there is a certain class of enterprising business men who devote themselves with robbing, cheating and half-poisoning society. In any land but this every man should look out for himself and his family; but every man has not the ability. Therefore, there are thousands who do not know a genuine article from an adulterated one. These persons are to buy everything we want for household purposes on assurance. It would not pay to measure pieces of goods and weigh groceries, and therefore we have the "yard wide" substitute and its chemical tests. Society in New York, has other fish to fry. And so we purchase under trust, and are plundered and humbugged. The system of larceny referred to in all but unison in its operations. A lady orders a spool of thread without being cheated. The manufacturer affixes a label on the spool it generally double the actual number. It is the same with every thing in short, with almost everything sold by measure or by weight. Thousands of persons are cheated at retail, and fall not short of the sixteen ounces.

Perhaps there is no remedy for this state of things. It seems, in fact, to be one of the long-tolerated institutions which it is dangerous to interfere. Certainly, the *morale* of society itself must be much more elevated to prevent such a force it can be successfully assailed. But this is not the case. There are tradesmen and merchants, in every department of business, above all such practices. Men who have the truth, eye, the whole truth, if questioned, to the letter, and more. Search them out, and buy of such only.

### PLANT AND BOW.

All labor is honorable. Every sweat-drop that glistens upon the brow of toil is as precious in dignity, and earnestness, and power. But of all labor, that which is the most useful, the most benevolent, and the most beautiful, is the labor of the husbandman. Even nations that turned their backs on the Bible, and their faces in the direction of Idolatry, did not forget this portion of their social creed, but considered the cultivation of the ground a religious, no less than a social duty. The ancient Hebrews looked upon tilling the soil as a discipline with a reverence worthy of the Divine Author of the institution. The Egyptians, one of the tribes guided the plow; the daughters of the patriarchs ground after the manner of centuries sewing the full on the threshing floor; kings drew ceremonial omens and auguries from the furrows to assume their sacred mantles, and received the words of inspiration with the beats of labor yet standing on their majestic shoulders. Even the Greeks and Romans, with all Hebrew Code enforced. The people were taught to love the home of labor, to consider every man as to his. He who alienated his portion of the soil committed a crime.

We, too, are an agricultural nation. Our commerce and manufactures will for centuries to come be secondary to the interests involved with our agriculture. Our immense territory is not yet numbered. Into it, from the old countries, of which the Hebrew poets sang so felicitously, are more immigrants annually pouring to plant the sod of the West, which scarcely requires ploughing to yield abundant crops of corn, and sow. It is our grand mission. Let the Government and people of the United States resolve to retain it. A time is approaching when the importance of this advice will be appreciated.

### IRISH BEAUTY.

Ireland was formerly called the "island of Saints and pretty women." The collocation is peculiarly appropriate according to our ideas of notions, inasmuch as a superabundance of pretty women is generally found in the worshiping ground of saintly communities. But let that pass. In the name Sanctity was doubtless imparted to the glances of the fair Hibernians by the sycophancy from the metrical story of St. Kevin, that the pure purity of their complexion, and the abundance of their brown hair, he goes on to say, "is the gift of the Virgin." Something in the legend in question, St. Kevin was fishing one day in a lake, when a young, strapping, Irishwoman gave him the following broad hint:

"Ye've no fish there, holy father," she says.

"It's yourself, dear, that knows how to hook 'em," the wicked saint replied, with a wink.

Don't you want a young woman to cook 'em?"

Now, considering that the Irish girls are as fond of the old fights of antiquity on the subject of beauty as Helen herself, and that Venus is generally passed a most enthusiastic enlargium upon the complexions and hair of her fair votaries in Dublin on the freshness of their color, the pure purity of their complexion, and the abundance of their brown hair, he goes on to say, "is the gift of the Virgin," according to

### SONG—THE MONTH OF FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

"May morning! May morning!"
The bird sings aloud,
And the echo repeats the laugh
And locks up in the cloud
That is spreading his wings,
Knowing well that the day
Is too brilliant and pure
And divine for the way
Of aught darkling like him.
When all Heaven and Earth
Are rejoicing in light,
Like young gods at their birth.

II.

"May morning! May morning!"
Like crowns of fire,
The crimson fish sway
In their mighty desire
For freedom to seek
The blue breast of the sea,
Where their voices may join
In his great anniversary,
In her Anthems first sung,
When she rose from Night's lace
And attuned her own pulse
To the march of the stars.

III.

"May morning! May morning!"
The wild swan the brown
With its innocent longing
For nestlessness and Heaven
O well may they clamor,
Like thoughts, for liberty,
And well may the souls
Of the free
Like a country of Allen,
A prophecy sweet
That the Dark and the Heaven
In bridal yet meet!

IV.

"May morning! May morning!"
The lord sings aloud,
With his brow to the Bard
Of Eternity bowed,
To the Father of all,
Who the Beautiful brings,
For the finely-strung lyrist
On May's rosy wings.
"May morning! May morning!"
Sing Heaven and Earth,
As we rivet in light
Like young gods at their birth!

## THE HUNTED FELON;

OR,

## THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

### A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. GUNNY.

> I suppose you by that which you profess,
> Have power to stay the planets in their course,
> Through grey noise the darkness overcast,
> Through restless repose on Sorrow's bosom's breast;
> Have power to call the spirits from the vasty deep,
> Which answer to their Conjuration—
> To what I ask you.
> SHAKESPEARE.

Alone in her kitchen sat Moll Pitcher. Many had visited her during the morning, but the last guest had gone, and the weird woman seemed lost in thought, when she heard a quick, impatient tire up at the door. She opened it—there stood Ralph Heathcote. With shyly bowed, and said, hastily:

"Mr. Heathcote is welcome."

"Thank you; I have been here several times since—since the night of my arrival—but you were always absent or engaged. I have been lying in the shadows for three hours past, but you were so thronged I could not think of gaining an audience."

"Your business is private," exclaimed Moll, with one of her searching glances.

"Yes; before leaving England I lost a casket of jewels, worth thousands of pounds, and do I should see my family accordingly."

"Silence," interposed Moll; "you cannot receive me; your fortune is safe enough, but you would give them all if you could be sure of winning your cousin Grace! She has brought you to America, to my door."

Heathcote looked confounded, but finally replied:

"I—I acknowledge it; I only did that to test you, to see if your power were as great as your fame."

The weird sisters enrolled—a strange smile, and he went on:

"I love Miss Heathcote, and I will prove it, I will, in Naples, I saw her portrait; it had been painted during her sojourn there, when she was making the tour of the Continent. From that moment a wild hope took possession of me, and I resolved to win her at any cost. I followed her across the ocean; I have followed her to Lynn, and I think her uncle will be very willing. But would she? Madam, you must know!"

The old woman bent over the crystal, but began to talk in the manner peculiar to her, when reading the destiny she stood for while gazing with dumb horror into the cup.

"Speak, speak!" exclaimed Heathcote; "put on and to this suspense, I implore you!"

The old woman heard him, but she did not comply with his request; she waited her own time, and then she said:

"There—there, the murdered Mabel and her child no longer haunt me—the grave, the cold but quiet grave, has closed over the dead! My cup grows bright with flowers and fruit. I see not a burning house, and her, with disheveled hair, and wild eyes! A young man comes the wall, leaps through the window, and rescues her!"

She paused, and seemed absorbed with the pictures which came and went in that mysterious world.

"And what now?" queried Heathcote.

"There is a ship burning on the Connecticut waters—the beautiful Southern heiress is on board, and the same man who saved her life a few months before, is often at her side. In her loosened anxiety he can scarcely tell, but when they reach the destined port in safety, her gratitude knows no bounds. Other trouthless thicken upon her, and she instinctively turns to him. Ralph Heathcote, this man is your rival!"

"My rival!" echoed Heathcote, as if the thought were a new one.

"Don't dissemble," cried Moll; "in my presence is no motive. You have met the gallant master of the Forest—you have already learned to fear him—the chance meeting with him at Beauspeart the other day, when Miss Grace made the acquaintance of Isma Alice, was anything but pleasant to you."

A volley of oaths broke from Heathcote, and he added, in an undertone:

"Woman, I believe you read my very thoughts."

"The world gave me credit for such knowledge long ago," rejoined Moll.

"Yet, and I have heard much of your power, but, like the Queen of Sheba, I can say the half was not told me."

"You confess, then, that you dread Dick Crofton," resumed the sibyl.

"I will not presume to deny it." And the young man began to pace the room in a fever of unrest. At length he stopped before the table at which the fortune-teller sat, and asked, with wild eagerness:

"Has he dared speak of love to her yet?"

"No, sh. no—there have been situations, that's all. Dick Crofton is very guarded. Grace does not dream of the deep, strong, abiding love he feels for her."

"The gods grant that she never may! Ma. Lee, I'm mortified a great deal to win her—I will sacrifice much more—I will pour out gold as freely as water, but mine she must be!"

The weird woman did not reply, but fatherly watched her guest.

"Moll Pitcher," continued Heathcote, "I must have your aid! You have long been my resource—do you condemn no directions about charms and philters?"

"It would be strange if they did not."

"Grace will be alone to-night, and you have you tell her fortune; then—then make Crofton out a mercenary villain, a fortune-hunter, and me a model of manly excellence!"

"And what if I tell a falsehood?"

"Gold will lull your conscience. With all your knowledge, you are poor, and have the gift of discerning upon you. I have rare resources at my command; you and yours shall rustle in silks and glitter with jewels, if you will assist me in gaining possession of the prize I covet."

Moll did not answer, and he asked impatiently:

"May I rely upon you?"

"I will not refuse," rejoined the sibyl. Heathcote held a purse heavy with gold on

THE APPARITION IN THE DESERTED HOUSE.

the table, thanked her warmly, and withdrew. Moll watched him till he was lost to sight among the shadows, chuckling the while:

"Ah—I'm not poor now, and was because I told him I would do what I could, but I did not tell him that it would be in his favor! I have my reasons for thwarting him—reasons that lie deep in my own heart. I never cared much for Dick Crofton; he has laughed at my vaunted power, but I may make him believe I will do as Ralph Heathcote! Heavens, how his name thrills along my nerves! how memories long since buried, rise and troop through my brain, here I look into Heathcote's face—into Heathcote eye—whom I hate like, now, soft, shift, not voice! A philter for Grace, indeed! I like her—nobody could help liking her! She's alone in the world, and engrossed by wicked in sheep's clothing. I will keep on the watch, and if he comes to her, it will not be Moll Pitcher's fault."

With these words she crept back into the shadows, and retired to sleep. Heathcote was passing his cousin's mansion when a stranger light curdled his blood. Beneath Grace Ward's window he saw a figure clad in black from head to foot. To and fro, to and fro, to and fro she paced, with a slow and measured step, and pale hands folded on her breast. Three times it was passed, riveted to the spot with terror. One thought filled him with a thousand forebodings—poor Mabel's ghost had mayhap come to warn her cousin that she was a dreadful wretch, and was trying to win her favor was false and cruel. At length she turned toward him, revealing to the gloom of her shining hair—the next moment she seemed to meet him. He could have fled, but he was petrified, transfixed. Nearer, nearer, nearer flitted the form, and now the strange creature raised her shadowy hand and whispered—

"Woe, woe, woe!"

The next instant she was gone, and rallying, Heathcote hurried on to the door. He found himself upon the bed in the solitude of his own room, but he could not sleep. The ghastly dreams he lived over the scene which had so terrified him, and he was glad when the day dawned.

At an early hour he was summoned to his cousin's mansion, and on entering the parlor, found Captain Ward in the highest excitement.

"What has happened?" he asked, anxiously, for he feared that Mabel's ghost might have visited her father.

"Why, the authorities have arrested two men as the murderers of Ward and her child."

"Who are they?" and Heathcote's heart beat fiercely.

"A man by the name of Gilbert, who was a discarded lover of Mabel's, and another who I have his revenge, and a Spaniard supposed to have been his accomplice."

The young villain began to breathe more freely, and asked where they had been found, and various other particulars concerning them.

"There's to be a preliminary examination on the ion to-day; you'll go with me, of course?"

"O, yes," and at the appointed hour Heathcote and his friend were seated on the bar-room where the court was to be held. Each prisoner was brought in, and in succession assigned to the old man turned to his companion, and groaned aloud.

"O, Ralph," he cried, "I am afraid we shall have to testify against each other."

"Take courage," replied Heathcote; "I trust we shall find some clue to the agency which overwhelm him soon."

"O, murder will out!" said a voice which went a thrill through every listener, and the sibyl of High Rock appeared on the threshold; "there is no cure so lonely, so mountain so high, so dense an obstacle that a fiend can hide there from the All-Seeing eye!"

She paused to mark the effect of her words, and then continued:

"But the criminal for whom we are hunting has not sought refuge in the dark and dismal places I have just mentioned—he may be in our midst! Ralph Heathcote, this man is your rival!"

That you brother no serpent in your own bosom."

The next moment she was gone, and Captain Ward and his fellow-citizens musing on what she had said.

If all stories are true, Moll's opinion ought to have some weight," remarked one.

Heathcote trembled, but managed to control himself better than on former occasion. He wished to assert that her view of the case was quite impossible, but he dared not, lest he betray himself into her displeasure, and lose her valuable aid in his love affairs. He therefore remained silent, and watched the old gentleman, on whom Moll's words seemed to have made a deep impression.

"I agree with you, Mr. Lane," he said, at length; "I want you and the rest of my neighbors will keep a good look-out?"

"We will," and the speaker nor aristocratic to be a favorite in Lynn, but "sorrow is a great leveller," and he grief had softened their hearts toward him. They now thronged about Heathcote, saying that they would be on their power to ferret out the murderer. While they were talking, a fate, with a gipsyish cast of features, and the true shawl-fire in the large, dark, passionate eyes, was visible for an instant at the window. Nobody perceived it but Ralph Heathcote, and he started as if poor Mabel's ghost glost had again risen from the grave to haunt him. The face was in the lone like hers in its pure Saxon loveliness, but ah! he had reason to dread the living. Zoe even more than the dead Mabel! Had their dark-browed girl come from the mysteries of her people to work his ruin, or was this a mere illusion of fancy? He was trying to lull these new fears to rest, when the crowd parted and he was ready to go home, and Heathcote left the inn with his kinsman. He had not gone far when he became conscious that somebody was following him. It was a strange sign, soft, wary, like that of a leopard when prowling in search of prey. He looked back, but the dark locks—he had him he beheld a figure arrayed in the hooded cloak—very thought the form fled.

"It isn't for her," he said to himself; "I will discover who fears!" And he walked on with a lighter heart.

### CHAPTER VI.

Gladly mother, keep aloof
Of your daughter's love;
For I am on thinking of
Her, and her alone.
SHAKESPEARE.

"See, cousin Ralph, there's a black cloud rising! I hope we shall not have a storm to-night."

"So there is," replied Heathcote; "it looks really threatening now, and I should have preferred that it should not rain to-night—you know you."

"Do you think we can reach Lynn ere the tempest is upon us?"

"I'm afraid we cannot, we must have ridden seven miles, but we will do our best—your horse is a fleet one, and my dellin can be trusted."

The words were hardly spoken, when the next moment they were riding at a rapid pace along the forest road.

Those two words were addressed to the girl's fear, and when they had been ridden, two other riders drew rein in front of a grass, about half a mile further on. They were Zoe and Isma Alice, gipsy and gipsy. Heathcote lifted Grace from the saddle, and the two girls were soon in each other's embrace, hung with faded red damask, and bearing other evidences of past splendor. Grace took a seat on an antique chair, while her cousin went to look after the horses. A female figure was seated on the hearth, and beside her, tried to allay her fears. Suddenly a blaze of lightning and thrilling crash-peal to the dead, rang through the desolate house, and the female figure covered her face. It was the same spectral creature Heathcote had seen passing to and fro beneath the window of the chamber where the young heiress slept. He

'She is not the girl to be dazzled by rank or wealth. Confess the truth, the whole truth, she will not trample on a heart like yours!' Daisy bids me be silent. But 'tis hard, hard to give her up—to think of her as another's! Enemy, you are wise and good—speak a word to strengthen me in my purpose!"

"Let me think," exclaimed the old fisherman, and he sank into his arm-chair, and once more lighted his pipe. Finally he rose, and went to the table where Richard sat.

"My son," he began, "you are right! Let your secret be buried in your own heart—it is madness to dream of Daisy!"

The young man bowed his head upon his hands, and for a full hour neither spoke. Then his father said:

"Richard, it is the hour for prayer."

He started from his seat, brought the Bible, as it had been his custom to do every night of his life, to the old man's knee. He opened it, and read a chapter well adapted to the occasion. The reading over, he knelt by the fireside, and repeated, with his wonderful power, the Lord's Prayer, emphasizing the passage, "Lead us not into temptation."

Somewhat subdued, Richard Crofton left the kitchen; but he had not yet lain down in his little chamber between the rooms, when he heard moans. Louder and louder they grew, and he was instantly clear protected from the room occupied by their guest. He was listening intensely, when the door of the first room of the range staircase was opened, and his father called:

"Richard, Richard, come down."

Quick as thought he obeyed the summons.

"What is the matter?" he asked, in his solicitous anxiety.

"Miss Ward is in a bad way—she's got cold in the storm, and is very feverish, your mother says, and out of her head, too."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated the young man, and he moved toward the door of her room.

There stood Grace, her cheek and brow flushed, her lips parched, her eyes burning with unnatural fire. She had put on her riding-dress and hat, and now she cried:

"I tell you I am going home! 'Tis cold here, and at the South 'tis always pleasant, and there are flowers the whole year round. I can't stay at Uncle Ward's—the house is like a tomb since Mabel's death, and Daisy and Ralph are both back! I don't follow me here—don't!" and with a piteous wail, she slunk into the nearest corner.

Richard Crofton perceived that the stranger of the rain still haunted her, and he moved toward her, and laid his hand upon her arm, and hoarsely called:

"O, Grace Crofton!" she exclaimed, "I am glad you have come; banish that ghost!"

"There is no ghost now!" answered Grace. "You are surrounded by friends—you are still in my home."

For an instant she seemed to realize what was passing, and Crofton resumed:

"Shall I take you to your uncle?"

"No!" and she shuddered. "I will go just like the grave there; and Ralph, he persists in talking of love when I told him it was in vain! O! I am so tired—so tired!" and she sank into a passion of hysterical tears.

"You shall rest," murmured the young lover, and he placed her on the low bed, and turned to his mother in the utmost distress.

"Go for Doctor Burchstead," she whispered.

"I'll go you for her in my absence—try not to soothe her as I do?" said Richard; and with a long, long look at the pale face suffering, he went away. He saw the physician set out for Swampville, and then hastened to communicate the sad tidings to Captain Ward. He haughtily thanked him for his kindness, and declared he would go back with him. When they reached the cottage, the doctor had just come from the sick-room.

"How do you find her?" inquired her uncle.

"Alarmingly ill, sir. Much fever, nervous shock, and there are strong symptoms of brain fever."

Crofton proceeded to explain what our readers already know, not excepting the appearance of the strange guest of the Fisherman's Rest.

"Ah, that accounts for it; that accounts for it!"

"I wish," resumed Captain Ward, "she had not come here. How shall we manage to get her home?"

"She must not be moved at present," said the doctor; "our only hope is in perfect quiet."

"Our cottage is a poor place, Captain, for one who has been reared in luxury!" exclaimed young Crofton; "but we will do our best to make her comfortable."

"Nieces can most stay," said her uncle, "I will send up articles which may be needed, and her own woman. I am sorry to disturb Mrs. Mount Hershede—pray, have you seen the hired scrybing of him since sunset, Doctor Burchstead? He was out in all kinds of weather, and I thought perhaps you might have met him."

"He encountered him in passing horses at the inn just as I passed on my way to Swamp-stead."

"I assure you I am very, very glad to hear of his safety; when hours and hours went by, and they did not come, we feared the worst."

"This is all wrongly," whispered the doctor, glancing at the door which had been closed upon Grace.

"Yes, poor, poor girl! I will go and see if she knows me old uncle!"

"Indeed you must not," said the physician forced back into his seat by the fear; "my orders are strict. You can do no good here; keep her quiet and quiet your wife as best you can, for she is not nervous. I shall not leave my patient at present."

With some reluctance Captain Ward left without any further attempts at an interview with Grace, and the doctor sat by the fire, that he might to every sound from the sick room. Richard Crofton paced the kitchen floor in silence, but at last he paused before the physician, and spoke—

"Is there any hope?"

Doctor Burchstead looked up at the pallid face of the young man, and a suspicion flashed through his brain that he might have more than a friendly interest in her.

"Oh, sir," he replied; "the attack is sudden and alarming, but by no means hopeless. I will go to her again."

Noiselessly he entered the room, where Mrs. Crofton was watching, and stood for a time listening to her ravings. Then he returned to the kitchen and said—

"She can't go, Captain Crofton—tells for you incessantly. Perhaps it will quiet her to see you."

Young Crofton did not heed the meaning smile that dawned about the physician's mouth, but hurried to the sufferer's bedside. There was no time for formality now—he entered unbidden.

"Grace," instead of Miss Ward, smoothed back her thick hair, bathed her brow, and held the cooling cordial to her lips. Strange to say, she began to grow calm, and ere long fell asleep. While Crofton was watching her slumber, Doctor Burchstead reappeared.

"What! is she asleep?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You prove a skillful nurse;" and the physician rubbed, but he watched the night out at the cottage. When morning came, she was more comfortable, but the doctor gave it as his opinion that she could not escape a nervous fever. Just after he left, a fine steed dashed up to the door, and his rider dismounted, and entered the cottage without rapping. The first person he met was the master of the house, for he had passed out at each other, and Heathcote asked, earnestly:

"How is your cousin?"

Crofton answered him, and he resumed:

"Captain Ward is very anxious to have her home as her home; and he always turns round rounded with luxury, and we both fear she will have a night."

Richard Crofton bit his lip as he replied:

"Her present condition forbids her being removed. As for attention, she does not lack for it."

"I declare 'tis deemed unlucky; but I suppose we must submit. I will, however, suppose you greet to her in person—please show me to her room."

"Not for the world, sir; my orders are imperative!"

"But I have a lover's claim."

"Not even her own mother, if she had one, would be admitted without the doctor's permission."

For an instant Ralph Heathcote stood mourning his rival with his eye, but he concluded that he could not gain admittance to Grace, and he abandoned the idea of any conflict then and there. While he remained myself he turned on his heel, and was soon dashing back to Lynn; but as he rode on he cursed Richard Crofton roundly.

During the day Capt. Ward came to the cottage, bringing his neice's waiting-woman, who was the only servant he could spare, and Ralph Heathcote again appeared with anxious inquiries. He was answered by Crofton, and left the vicinity of the Swampsteet fisherman's home. Young Crofton's heart was heavy within him, and he was mournful, for the sufferer had hovered on the brink of the grave during the night, and at times he had fancied that the next hour, the next moment, would bring into the cottage the grim presence, which comes only once to mortals, and then leaves in her wildest moods he could soothe her, for she knew him not; nobody else could approach her mind-a him, and appeared to feel safe if he were present.

Meanwhile autumn had come in all her glory. A dreary land-breeze had the Swampsteet marshes, and slumbrous; the foliage seemed to have caught the golden hue of the sunset sky, and the fields were all ahuse with gorgeous flowers; ripe grain waved in the breeze like the golden hair of a red-cheeked apples, luscious pears and damsons were ripening in the orchards, and nature seemed set in heavy clusters from the vines, where tendrils of the wild grape twined around the trees. Verion of the wild woodbine grew purple among the rocks, and the fragrance of the bayberry and India, and at night the heavens were radiant with the splendor of the golden moon, slowly moving on, on, on, like a silver-sandalled pilgrim, to some far-off haven of the sky.

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## THE FORWARNED.

### A TEXAN STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS."

In the year 1819, John Wharton, an intelligent and enterprising young Virginian, came down to New Orleans to seek the fortune which he was confident lay within the reach of his energy. He was employed by a large cotton-dealer of the city to go up and purchase a drove of mules, and in the sparse settlements of the prairies of Texas he completed his errand. For this purpose he was furnished with the outfit of a good saddle-horse, pistols, and a very roomy pair of saddle-bags, studded with large round dollars in gold and silver, which lent his cavalier's figure much the bottom of his saddle-bags, beneath such articles of clothing as he had brought next to take along with him on his journey. And it was on the outward-bound part of this expedition of young Wharton, and before he had parted with any of the money entrusted to his care, that the suggestive incident to which we have alluded, occurred to him in the course of a startling utterance, of which he was destined to become the deeply concerned to him.

Night was at hand, and Wharton, having resolved to be content for once that he could not reach a house before morning, and ridden all day over a wide-spread prairie, without meeting with any but here and there a miserable human habitation, rose in his stirrups in the direct right or left of the road, to enliven the dreary solitude of the way, was now anxiously revolving in mind his resolution for reaching some house of entertainment before the approach of darkness. He had been told, at the place where he lodged the previous night, that after proceeding about forty miles on his proposed route, he would reach a more thickly-settled part of the country, the first house of which would afford him safe and comfortable quarters for the next night. But why had he not passed by this time been reached? He had traveled that day, he felt confident, nearly or quite the required distance, and yet, though he could see all prominent objects for several miles along the level road before him, nothing in the shape of a house greeted his anxious gaze. And to add to his uneasiness, it was becoming hourly cloudy, and the night promised to be one of such darkness as would make his perspective of merging the right road, where almost equally broad paths were frequently found striking out from it, extremely doubtful. While in this state of doubt and uncertainty, he espied a horseman, who had been hidden, and often sending a wistful glance forward to catch the first glimpse of the object of his most expectable appearance and kindly looks, struck into the road from a by-path before him.

"Good evening, friend," exclaimed Wharton, in spurring forward his horse to the side of the man, who was on foot and passing on the same direction; "I am glad to have fallen in with you just at this time, as I have become in fear doubtful of my wherewhose. How far to the next house, where I can get a good stable and good lodgings for the night."

"The entirement?" reproached the man, with seeming surprise, as he cast a keen, covert glance at his questioner, "I don't know. I—I—I know where you mean, now; yes, good lodgings and entertainment you have the luck to find your way there to-night."

"Well, I reckon not over fifteen miles, anyhow."

"Fifteen miles! Why, I counted on being nearly twenty-five miles from here, when I first saw I to find my way there in the dark?"

"Indeed! Wharton, with surprise in that, I should say, stranger, because you see it is going to be a dark night, and cloudy."

"True, but is there no house near, where I can stop?"

"None on the road, and none nearer anywhere, except mine."

"And where may be you live?"

"A short mile from here, on the right, and just beside the road, you can't miss it, for the path leading to it being still some way ahead."

"Indeed! Wharton, with a sigh of relief, "a night, my good sir?"

"Why, I would be thankful for almost any thing to distinguish it from darkness. If you could raise some sort of feed for my horse, and give me a bite of supper, and a bed to sleep on, I would be satisfied even at that."

"Oh, I suppose you could find room and feed enough for a comfortable bed, and there would be no trouble about the supper, neither. But I have no food in the house, just now, for my own family and myself, for that matter."

"I care nothing for the food. Let me stay; I will buy you both."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of taking pay of you if it took you in at all, and I don't know but I should be willing to sell you a little corn, for the whole, I reckon I will. So you may follow on after me, and I will show you the nearest way."

Too much rejoiced at this unexpected prospect of shelter and comfort for the night, to think of scanning the man very closely, or note his looks, or, indeed, any thing else, Wharton recoiled pale, he fell back along side and joined in the saddle-bags over his shoulder, and continued the man's conscience-stricken, and appearing, as he rode along, to be in a state of mind bordering on bewilderment, a building of two rooms, standing on the border of a plantation of cleared field. On reaching the place, he dismounted, and taking the horse's bags on his arm, followed the man into the room, and was ushered by its inmates with comedy enough, but rather as object-looking women—for a traveler rarely presented himself to any with their poor fare for the night." The man of the house, who had preceded him in the door, leaving the latter to take the proffered seat and rather poor accommodation of a chair, she, however, seemed little inclined to encourage the stranger, who was assured from his entry by a rustling amid the shrubbery. He tossed forward, with his saddle-bags on his arm, and drew of the apartment where Grace lay. A female form, tall and slender, and dressed in black, lurked beneath, and at length rose with the utmost caution to peep over the window of the latter. Suddenly she sank into her lady's chair, in fear of being discovered, and seizing the invalid's nurse, thrust aside the coarse curtain and very rudely pushed the sash up and down fresh air. Then she retired, and the spectator, who had been all this time watching her, saw the man set out in the best superstitions; he did not see the man's wife, who followed him, but he could not divine why the stranger should thus be forewarned, and he resolved to follow the mystery if possible.

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[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

### LOOKING TO THEE.

BY TAMAR ADDISON WEAVER.

Thou only can'st our faltering feet
Guide day by day,
Thou knowest how weak and frail we are,
How oft we stray;
Lord, trustingly our hearts we raise,
For strength we pray.

We know that we are stamped in sins;
Life's constant warring spirit
Has brought us many flowers; but, ah,
The serpent's sting
Has touched with mildew and decay
Each offering.

Father, thou only knowest how
We sin the blight,
How Life's bright joyous sunny rays
Were lost in night,
Till lovingly thou pierced the gloom
And gave us light.

Thou'lt hear our prayer and give us strength
In love, we trust,
For thou art merciful and kind,
And we are dust,
Thou will be merciful, then knowest
We are but dust.

## THE ONE ERROR.

### A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XVII.
THE BEACON FIRE.

Nine days had the Daredevil resident on shore in the bay; for nine successive evenings had her boat, manned by the trustiest of her crew, with muffled oars, prowled in and around the secluded inlets, and deep, glassy creeks, overhung by the ragged brake and craggy fastnesses of Dodgegang; nine times had the mate returned disappointed, delayed by some ominous phantom in itself, yet provoking Yawmans to the most ungrateful suspicion of his officer's zeal and disgust, more forcible than elegant.

Yet the inflexible fidelity of the coxlane to his chief, prevented his utterance of such opinions in the hearing of any person whom it was incumbent to impress the absolute infallibility of their superior. To the men, then, the orders of the captain were law and gospel in a single sentence; a change of plan, some freshly-devised scheme for a plunder, or some piece of lawless genius newly obtained, formed simple excuse, as delivered by the mate, why more men were not for us to take upon himself the blame of an omission which was made the cause of a fresh delay.

But the private conferences of the reader villain with his leader grew in urgency, and the solicitude of the former unbearable, under the mere of imagination, any former production of this worthy, as he gave vent to his gnawing conscious in a deliberate condemnation of the female sex, and of the creation, under any pretext, to every possible species of punishment and execration, in revenge for the blood-stain on the hair of it had assuredly taken to influencing his unreasonable, and through him, the fortunes of the band.

It was the tenth night.

By the orders of the pirate, the Daredevil had been brought yet lower down the coast, and up a spire channel, with an entrance known to her name, the vessel lay under cover of the very rocks where the coast-guard station was situated, and within three miles and a half of Dodgegang.

Shortly after nightfall, a boat was manned and put off from the vessel, and, under the wing of the cloud, keeping close in shore, under the deep shadow of the rocks.

The night was close and warm, and perfectly still; low upon the horizon hung a heavy bank of clouds, which had lain an embargo on the season, and rendered the earth in twilight full an hour too soon.

There was no moon, and the heavy darkness seemed in no wise relieved by the stars that glittered for overhead like silver embroidery on a funeral pall.

The boat crew had pulled silently and steadily up round the projection which veiled the bay of Dodgegang, then stretched across the bay, they put back once more into the shadow, and rested on their oars.

"Not a capful of wind," muttered one of the men to his fellow; "it fell at sudden, too, as it sprung up."

"Ay, but 'tis only napping yonder," said the other; "we shall have a night of it, and that right soon, or I'm no mistake!"

A growl from the mate, who sat at the stern of the boat, silenced the speakers.

There was a long silence, during which the drip of the water from the oar which lay idle across the bows, and the faint breathing of the men, were perfectly audible.

"I doubt the night-bird when she came in done," whispered the younger of the men; "I've no love for the shore, and wouldn't care for that matter, if I never set foot on it again, but to be hanging on and off the smell of the land ever on the side, and the mist and damp, and to be downed table' to eleiner, why——"

"Whist, I'm!" the hoarse voice of the mate put in; "draw off, lads, a boat's length."

The men entered, and again there was silence, this time complete, for the seamen held their breath, as the boat passed and looked as the cliffs above them, and, in the intensity of the silence, the sound seemed to listen and strain to, in anticipation and suspense.

Another hour passed. The dark mesh of disaffection had climbed higher and spread wider, the high streak had narrowed into a sharp and intense, was elongated farther around the horizon, at long intervals a sigh came from a breeze crept over the cliff tops, and just stirred the sleeping fires and the wild leaves struggling from the Chine, then died away, and was still, as if nature, too, lay silent beneath the coming storm, and raised her head from time to time, to see how all fared beneath.

"It's a night, I tell you certain, now," said the elder of the men, "and a dirty night it will be, too, take my word for't."

"Dark as pitch!" returned the other; "hadn't need look for the beacon when it is kindled, to-night!" He had hardly spoken the words, when a lurid flame flashed from out the darkness of the night, like lightning from the thunder cloud, and its glare upon all around.

Swiftly into recognition came every rock and stone, each tree and shrub, every bearing point or well known landmark.

The men stared back, at each behold the face of his fellow thus revealed, amazement depicted upon every feature.

For, though they had been looking for the said-same token, so sudden, and so overpowering had been the manifestation, that for the moment it took them by surprise.

But only for the moment. The hoarse voice of Yawmans was then heard, in command:

"Draw in, lads! give way there!" then he muttered to himself, with an oath; "Je he made! lighting up the whole coast round with that infernal blaze! Give way, lads! with a will! the Gannet Cove there—by by, by by!" Then to himself—"He is coming then, he will be with us to-night, and, once aboard the Daredevil, good-bye to long-shore maggots and white-faced gentlemen—what a blaze!"

"The cap't had a mind to show a light," said one of the men.

"Ay, ay, lads had he! done, to my mind," grumbled the coker; "'dash me but the consigned fire passed, and there's little use to have out of old notes in that quarter, but it's like him, all neck or nothing, and now is in fairly vowed, why he'll be the old one's own match, so he will, and no mistake."

As he finished his soliloquy, he leaped to his feet, and, regardless of the storm of curses which he lustained, while the men bundled their oars, yet looked calmly and unperter fore-steering. At the moment a loud explosion burst upon the air, waves in which bounding and dashing on the to rock, and rattled along the horizon like a thunder clap. High above the cliffs flew a shower of sparks, and masses of burning substance were hurled into mid-air, and fell crashing headlong over the face of the rocks, or plashed hissing into the sea beyond, while the fiery reflection lighted up the sky around, and to the wide extent of waters lent a blood-red tinge far and wide.

For a minute only the flaming mass flew, meteor-like, o'er-head—seeming to threaten destruction in their progress to the boat and its little crew—for a moment, I say, Max Yawmans looked seaward, and not wholly unnerved the next, he had unnerved the danger, steamed the rock, and was a-weld to the mizzen, leaping himself in the stern of the boat.

"Lay, lads, lay!" he vociferated, they pulled yet further into the shadow of the bristling cliffs, lay to their task boy, and drew in shore, feeling that part of the sea wall where, in the duller light of our story, we had glimpse of the boat in the interest of the pirates.

Overhead, the flaming fire burned higher and more fiercely—upon the dark night streamed the flames yet more vividly, and the sky grew red with an angry glare, as the wind rose and rocked to and fro, and a long, low moan sounded up from the deeps, as the fitful breezes swept and the sleepers rose suddenly aroused.

"The breeze is up," said the elder tars, addressing the mate. "Ay, ay! I know, I hear't in the moaning overhead, but we are too close in to his ear, and listened with an eagerness that was almost unnatural, for some cause unknown to us than those which already broke the solemn silence of night.

Suddenly, clear, distinct, above the moan of the wind, the thunder of the surf, and the low, roaring roar of the fire, and the crack, and fall, and crash of rocks, pealed a human voice, or rather, was heard a long, clear whistle. At the sound, the men started, and looked wildly on shore. At the same moment, a loud shout as the loose fragments of rock fell from the summit, burst upon their ears—the sharp crack of shots were heard overhead, and the men with the long rifle made way overhead, and the men with the voice uttered an oath, coupled with the exclamation of "Ah, the traitor!"

Their cutlasses flashed momentarily in the red light as each drew his weapon, and they designed to them to be calm, while he never drew his eyes over the sea, and on the night, and hearing roar of the fire, and the crack, and fall, and crash of rocks, and the sharp report of shots

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

*Ere thirteen Tuesdays.*

Once, when a kid, it was my lap
To gain my mother's kind permission
To go and see a foreign chap
Who called himself "The Great Magician."
I recollect his wondrous skill,
As shown upon an exhibition;
I've seen no wonder since at will
The most prodigious manifestations.

I recollect the aerious man
Within whose hat the great deceiver
Broke eggs, as in a frying-pan,
And took 'em smoking from the drawers!
I recollect the lightning sleight
With which he fingered wonder-handed,
And then recollect, but best of all
I recollect the Ribbon-Wonder!

I mean, of course, the fancy feat
In which the wizard, at his pleasure,
Spins lots of ribbons from his throat,
(Where he had hid 'em, at his leisure,)
Yard after yard, of every hue,
Some blazing red, and some full yellow,
Some pink, some green, and red and blue,
And black, and white, and green, and yellow!

I ne'er shall see another show
To rank with the immortal "Potter's;"
He's dead and buried long ago
And others shorter ears sans and daughters;
Swift as a flash his memory then
Recalled the ancient exhibition,—
I saw the Ribbon-Trick again,
And thought about the Ribbon-Wonder!

So when some flippant man o'erlooks
Though in himself no shame he knows,
His flannel all the simple folks
With brilliant jests o'ergay and gaudy,
I've whispered then!—(with fast and thick
The lyrical fluid across my vision)
"How well to glare the Ribbon-Trick!
By Jove!—he beats the Great Magician!"

I ne'er shall see another show
To rank with the immortal "Potter's;"
He's dead and buried long ago,
And other wizards take his oysters;
Years—years have fled—alas!—have spoke,
Since I beheld the Great Magician,
And yet I've seen the Ribbon-Trick
In many a curious repetition!

Then, when an author I have read
With much stunned the world of letters,
And all the critics have decreed
(All slowly pilfered from his betters)
Praise!—tis from I—and all complete,
As in my uncle's autograph clause,
I've seen again the Ribbon-Trick,
And thought about the Great Magician!

So, when a scream I have heard
Made up of bits of borrowed learning
Some cheap maxim which has stirred
The reader of the unlearning,—
Swift as a flash his memory then
Recalled the ancient exhibition,
I saw the Ribbon-Trick again,
And thought about the Great Magician!

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* "Potter, the Great Magician," a clever conjurer of a former generation, is still vividly remembered by many people in New Hampshire and Vermont.

## A REAL GHOST STORY.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Some thirty years ago the interior counties of the State of New York, particularly those along the Erie Canal, were infested by an unusual gang of thieves and robbers, whose head-quarters was supposed to be in the city of New York. Their operations were not confined to the Empire State, for there are many abundant evidences that they extended through to the western States, and even to Canada.

It was supposed that there were among these marauding scoundrels, watchmakers, and others engaged in the forwarding trade of the canal, for scarcely a cargo of merchandise arrived at its destination along that great artery of commerce, from which one or more packages of goods and money were abstracted.

These losses, of course, had to be made good to the owners by the transportation line to which the losts respectively belonged, while it was useless to attempt to trace the thieves to their sources.

Besides those employed on the canal, there were others connected with the organization, and dwelling, farms, stables and cattle were nightly plundered, and even the fields and pastures were despoiled of grain and cattle. Indeed, nothing came amiss to this gang of villains. Horses stolen in the East were disposed of in the West, and those from the West found ready purchasers in the East. To avoid suspicion, they were passed from hand to hand by the robbers, so as entirely to elude pursuit or detection.

Even highway robberies were not unfrequent, and finally, to such an extent were these depredations perpetrated, that many respectable farmers and others were glad of opportunities to sell out and remove to portions of the country where their property would be more secure. Instances of things like never been paralleled on this continent, except by that more recent organization in the Mississippi valley, notorious as the *Mormon* gang, whose field of operations covered no less than fifteen States.

It was an enormous thing for farmers, when going over their premises, to find places where stolen goods had been temporarily secreted, and hunters penetrating the deep woods and swamps came unexpectedly upon these encampments, which, in some instances, had the appearance of having been occupied for months, and sometimes they were deserted, and in some instances were still occupied. But a moment's notice to hint that would always find them broken up before the rogues had to parts unknown.

Many persons were arrested as members of these gangs, but as nothing positive could be proven against them, they were soon discharged, and. Among them was a man by the name of Joe Goodwin, a small farmer in the town of Middlebury, in the then county of Genesee, but now in Wyoming county. This man was looked upon as a scoundrel, and, but the secret of his success was a wonder to his honest neighbors. His horses and cattle increased in number to an astonishing degree, when his former poverty was considered, and his present apparent means. Among his stock, the finest of Durhams possessed was a remarkably prolific mare. He was in the habit of mounting his animals in the fall, and after being cleaned all winter in Michigan, as he asserted, would return in the spring, leading a fine span of colts, which he always declared were the offspring of old Dolly. Every year the old mare was followed home in this manner by twin colts, and what made it the more remarkable was, that these colts were sometimes nearly as old as their reputed dam, yet Joe, never disputed, but that the mare produces from his wonderful mare. Every year found Joe Goodwin becoming richer and richer, and he was soon able to buy out his neighbors' farms, and move on to his own homestead.

Still, with all his wealth, this man was not respected. There was a mystery in his frequent absences and unexpected returns, his regularly forwarding property, and withal, in his associations with strange, suspicious-looking persons, that caused his neighbors to avoid his society, lest their own reputation might suffer thereby.

There is in Wyoming county an extensive cedar and hemlock swamp, through which flows the Tonawanda Creek. At the time of which I write this swamp occupied many hundred acres, and had been but rarely explored, except by enterprising hunters. Its valuable lumber, however, as since in a great measure been cut away, and much of its margin having been reclaimed, is now the most productive of farming lands. But so long ago as 1820 its dark avenues had never rung with the busy strokes of the woodmen's ax, and rarely any other sounds were heard save the gloomy shadows than the howl of the wolf, the screams of the panther and the whistle, and the doleful hoot-ings of owls.

Among many of the smaller streams in this vicinity, the story went, that this great swamp was bounded by the restless spirits of murdered travellers, whose bodies had been hidden among its stagnant waters. There were those who buried themselves in propagating and substantiating this story, and, in addition to the horrors of this dismal, the length the place was feared, and shunned by the timid and credulous.

There was, however, one Scott Fowler, living in the township of Orangeville, who being an intelligent and fearless man, scouted these stories, and determined on making a study in the forest of the fall of 1819 in getting out bolts, which could be hauled out during the winter, when the ground being frozen over, teams could penetrate the forest. Finding it impossible to obtain the assistance of others, Fowler went alone; and selecting a suitable location, on a dry, comfortable ridge, and commenced the work of felling trees and cutting them into bolts.

For a day or two nothing occurred to discourage him, but after that time he was disturbed by strange sounds, particularly at night, after he had lain down to sleep. He would sometimes be suddenly aroused by frightful screams, seeming at the door of his shanty, like those of persons in imminent peril. Then the sounds would die away in groans, and sobs, and finally would cease altogether for the night. At other times his shanty would be pelted with pebbles, and other means were resorted to to excite his alarm. But Fowler was not to be driven from his purpose by such means, and, sprung from his pallet, and catching up his rifle, he would rush out into the darkness in the midst of these disturbances. But nothing could be discovered, and, as every serious attempt had been made, he gradually became accustomed to these disturbances, and only partially them to discourage him in his work. In the daytime he was to his business, and with a courage and will away at his shingle bolts as if there had been no such things as fear.

He had so doubt that the swamp was occupied by persons who wished to get rid of his presence, and had adopted these means to accomplish their object. But so long as they did not injure his property, he was determined to accomplish the work for which he had entered the forest.

He had thus worked nearly a week, when, finding that he was running short of some of his tools, and return to his home, till the following Monday.

It was near night when he reached the edge of the clearing where his shanty stood, and he experienced a strange figure in the path before him. The figure appeared to be that of a woman, and in fashion seemed to be at least eight feet in hight. Fowler paused, and rubbed his eyes in amaze, but on nothing but a ghastly face and two sinewy arms could be perceived.

Fowler, as I have said, was a brave man, and had always relished the idea of ghosts or disembodied spirits having any power over his mortals. But all men are more or less superstitious, and even Fowler, with all his nerve and courage, felt that he was standing in the presence of some unearthly being. He was satisfied in his own mind that no living man ever wore so ghastly a countenance, and his eyes seem to start from him and pulled fire of the figure before him; and that it was possible that the supernatural-leaden eyes, which were fixed upon him with a look of deadly hatred, could be seen in the dark sides, he argued, nothing human that he had ever seen could stand the light of the fire of hell.

At all events, "be it good spirit or devil," Fowler determined to attain the ghostly stranger, and, approaching to within a few yards of where it was standing, he demanded:

"Who are you, and why do you rise up in the path before me?"

A deep groan was the only reply the shortest that could be uttered, and the figure moved slowly on.

"I never did harm to mortal man," exclaimed the woodsman, "therefore I fear no harm from you. Who are you, and what fellow, that you dare to stand in my path?"

"I am a ghost!" replied the figure, drawing out the words solemnly, with a sepulchral sound.

"A ghost!" repeated the astonished Fowler, whose courage rose at the sound of his own voice. "If you have any business with me, speak out! I am not to be scared!"

"Moral?" groaned the ghost, "do you know you are in my power?"

"Oh, yes," was the prompt reply; "I found that out several nights ago. But what did you? What do you want?"

"I want a pint of blood to divulge to you! But not to-night. Will you meet me here Monday night, at this same hour?" was the ghastly answer.

"Well, I reckon I will," was Fowler's reply.

At this moment an unearthly scream behind the cabin startled the woodsman, and he heard dimly in that direction, and on recovering his former position, the ghost had disappeared. Whether it had sank into the grave from which it had arisen, or had melted into thin air, was a mystery to Fowler, who, finding his pale client made haste to quit the gathering shadows of the swamp.

On his way home he received this singular adventure in his mind, and the more he thought of it the more strongly he became impressed with the idea that some kind of a trick was about being played upon him. He recalled the fact that the spot where he had seen the spirit was occupied by a cedar stump, which might have had something to do in the unnatural hight of the figure. This discovery being made, it was easy to explain the other circumstances of the calamorous fuss and lank-tastes upon fired as mysterious noises, which might have been only the deceptions of a mask.

Whatever it might be, Fowler determined to keep his own counsels for the present, and to post the story to no one till after the interview he had arranged with the ghostly apparition.

Monday morning found him again on his way to the swamp, and having completed his day's work, and eaten his supper, he remembered his appointment with the ghost, and returned to the edge of the clearing to meet him.

He had not been long at the spot when the same sepulchral object rose as it seemed to him suddenly from out the earth, and stood in the same place where before him. It was grand in a long while winding silent, as on the first appearance. The same double-like expression of face and dull, lifeless stare of the motionless eyes met his gaze. But the slight-est doubt ever had only remarking that the bulk of the figure had somewhat increased since their former interview.

Fowler, convinced that the object before him was some person in this disguise, called on the perpetration of a joke upon him, or to intimidate him from the prosecution of his work in the swamp, moved fearlessly up to the stir of the and commenced the conversation by saying:

"You have met me, mortal, and I know by that fact that you desire my being a spirit. Look! I and I would divulge to your ears a secret, the knowledge of which will make you sorrowful!" and say if might stem a spirit can sorrowful?"

Saying this, his ghostship drew from the folds of his loose garments a long, glittering dagger, a long knife, and deliberately plunged it to its hilt in his breast, and with a long-drawn sigh fell to the ground at the bottom of his body's feet, and a gush of red blood burst forth, staining the shirt with its unsightly hue, and running in streams to the ground. Then followed a mass of writhing, and then all was still.

Stooping, as if to ascertain the connection of the mass from his body, the apparition made a rise and sank, and, with a long, wild howl, disappeared into his den and walked slowly from the scene of his murder.

So shall it be with you, Scott Fowler, should you betray the secret of my day! is the last thing."

Overcome by this terrible spectacle, and now left alone, Fowler sunk down in the bed seen a spirit, the poor shingle maker fell to the ground in a fainting fit, and how he recovered, dark, night had gathered about him.

As soon as he could recover the use of his legs, he made his way to his shanty, where he remade his way to his home, where he told his wife the story of his adventure.

The story spread like wildfire, and on the following Monday morning the whole neighborhood was in a state of excitement. Fowler's declaration was heard by French not to dismiss any particular fear of the ghost, and he was not to be deterred from the prosecution of his travel letter, and such a thing as to be frightened by a ghost, or any other thing. Any such ghost figures is not tolerated. Many scholars, in the course of their education, have to pass through the ordeal of a ghost, or a ghostly syllabus, and it is not to be expected that the French academies should be an exception to the rule.

The trick was soon through. There was no doubt the woodsman was a ghost, and that he was a mere thiever, who had so long been imitating the spirit. The story was continued for several days, and finally resulted in discovering a large stump of the cedar tree, which contained a large amount of stolen goods.

A number of the scamps were taken, and among them was old Joe Goodwin, who on his trial afterwards, confessed that he had personated the ghost, in the hope of frightening Fowler, the shingle maker from the swamp, and keeping the place for his own purposes undisturbed.

This circumstance led to the final breaking up of the gang, and Joe, with a number of others, his fellow thieves, served out a long apprenticeship in the state prison.

## PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.

Deer often engage in a sham battle or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing in earnest. Sometimes a mimic fox pretend violence in their play stop short of exercising the dog under the ground presence, and not to injure by his bite; and the unrung-oaring, to worship with his kicking, and to throw tion, and makes feints of biting him. Some mastiffs carry out a little play the resistance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, will crouch down and watch a leaf, or a few leaves strewed by the cautious wind; they crouch and wait for a nearer approach, and then with a leaf quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion, they dart upon their feathered game again and again saying forward at another. Sengpiel, new young jaguars and cougars playing with their companions, and sporting with each other in the most interesting manner. Birds of the pie kind are the managers of monkeys, full of mischief, play, and mimicry. A story is told of a crane nearly that it was even busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studious air, dropping them into a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Currnck!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for amusement.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we have had many persons have supposed some of them to be contributed for the purpose of advertising. Every question will be answered in this column, without charge, if post-paid, and addressed to the editor of "The Ledger."

M. W. F.—When a young man has reached the age of seventeen it is very natural and proper that he should learn to think of the future, and to select some trade or avocation to which to devote himself. In doing this he should study over matters with his intimate friends most of your mind, and select that trade for which you have the greatest liking. If you have a natural liking for trade your selection, pursue it with energy and perseverance, and success will be almost certain.

A. B. C.—When a young lady first comes to the city from the country, she is apt to be somewhat timid, and to feel that she is a stranger in a strange land, and that all eyes are upon her. This is natural enough, and is not to be wondered at. But she soon learns that she is not the object of attention that she supposed, and that the people around her are not thinking of her, and